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The

PRODIGAL



*Francesca  
Falk  
Miller*







# The Prodigal



The Prodigal  
and  
Other Poems

By

Francesca Falk Miller ✓

# Hyman-McGee Co.

# Chicago

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## Acknowledgement

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# Table of Contents

	PAGE
The Prodigal	1
Homage	3
Daughter of Mine	5
Abraham Lincoln	7
George Washington	9
Prayer	11
Autumn	13
The Plant on the Window Sill	15
Afterglow	16
Singin' in the Dark	17
Just Home	18
Viewpoints	20
The Land of Might Have Been	22
Charity	23
Little One	24
The Land of Lovers	26
This Time o' Year	28
The Patch-Work Quilt	30
I Planted Me a Garden	32
Together	34
My Ship	36
Love is Not Built of Gossamer	37
The Fickle Light	39
Ships That Never Come	40
Songs at Evening	42
The Long Road	44
Goodbye	46
Lace	48
The Dream Barge	49
On "Mother's Day"	50
Grandfather's Clock	51
On the Trail of the Gypsy Moon	52

## Contents—Continued

	PAGE
Love's Epitome	53
In Blossom Time	55
Rest	56
Requiem	57
Nine "Pen Points"	59
Decoration Day	61
My Baby	62
A Fancy	63
Sufficiency	64
Greatness	65
The Poet's Wife	66
Infinitum	67
Endurance	68
One Night	69
Two Sonnets	71
To My Friend	73
A Water Lily	74
A Dozen Little Poems	75
Little Ghosts	77
Dead Hands	78
My Lover and My Friend	79
Music	80
Attar of Love	81
The Poet's Requiem	82
I Thank Thee, Lord!	83
And Let the World Go By	84
Invocation	85
Dinna ye ken?	86
Dead Leaves	87
Tragedy	88
Renunciation	89
The Meeting	91
Forbidden Me!	92
At Parting	93
The Journey	95
Envoy	96

# Preface

## Francesca

Why was I called this limpid, lyric name  
That breathes Italia's vine-encircled sea,  
And those proud women—what were they to me,  
Whose fairness mouldered long before I came?  
That long procession—beauty; passion; fame!  
The one best loved—ah, none so fair as she,  
That men should lose their souls . . . . da Rimini!  
What have they left behind that I might claim  
From those dim years? How do they play their part  
In my own destiny,—with plain, familiar face,  
That I should bear a name that breathes their grace;  
(Ah,—missing rose leaves, hid within the bowl!)

They left a touch of Romance in my heart . . . .  
They left the love of Beauty in my soul!



# The Prodigal





# Prodigal

There's a yearning cry in my heart today,  
Mother! Oh, my Mother!  
For the childhood hours that are far away,  
Mother! Oh, my Mother!  
I have trod alone on a weary road;  
And have gathered what my hands have sowed;  
But you've not been there to ease the load—  
Mother! Oh, my Mother!

There is brown no more in your silvered hair,  
Mother! Oh, my Mother!  
And your dear, sweet face is lined with care,  
Mother! Oh, my Mother!  
I have made you worry and made you weep;  
I have roamed the world and sailed the deep;  
But back to your arms I fain would creep—  
Mother! Oh, my Mother!

I am tired to death of the strain and stress,  
Mother! Oh, my Mother!  
I am longing now for your soft caress,  
Mother! Oh, my Mother!  
The plaudits of life are but froth and foam;  
The world is wide to the hearts that roam;  
Say you'll forgive me—I'm coming home!  
Mother! Oh, my Mother!

## *The Prodigal*

There are sins and scars I must bring with me,  
Mother! Oh, my Mother!  
There's a look in my eyes that you should not see,  
Mother! Oh, my Mother!  
But my heart is repentant—my spirit awed;  
And your trust is deep, and your love is broad;  
So I'm coming back, to you—and God!  
Mother! Oh, my Mother!

HOMAGE

I love you!

The lark that mounts on vibrant wing,

So high:

The coo of wood-dove in the Spring,

So soft:

The serenade that lovers sing,

So low.

I find May's sunlight on your face,

Epitomized within your grace.

I love you!

I love you!

Reflections on a placid lake,

So clear:

The hare-bell, blue beneath the brake,

So shy:

The drooping poppy,—half awake,

So red.

The wealth of summer's pulsing life,

Has blossomed in your heart, my wife.

I love you!

I love you!

The petals curling from a rose,

So soft:

The ripen'd fields where fragrance blows,

So warm:

The sumac—nodding in repose,

So light.

All autumn's richness, warmth and cheer,

Has but enhanced each passing year.

I love you!

## *The Prodigal*

I love you!

With winter's snow upon your brow,  
So white:

With tender hands that tremble now,  
So frail:

The falling leaf: the barren bough,  
So drear.

Let me repeat with my last breath,—  
In youth—in age, in life—in death,

I love you!

DAUGHTER OF MINE

There's a mirror that hangs on the opposite wall  
    In a primly, accustomed place,  
And I often sit and gaze in its depth  
    At my own, and familiar face.  
But I see no beauty that passing years  
    Have carved in each deepening line,  
So I turn from the mirror and look upon you,—  
    Dear little daughter of mine!

The bloom of your face—like the lilies of dawn—  
    Was once on my own cheek and brow,  
And the gleam in your eyes—it was mine too, I know,  
    But tears have softened it now.  
And your lips—twin petals of cardinal flowers—  
    Expectant of love's dawning bliss—  
I feel once again, as I look at their joy,  
    The touch of my own lover's kiss!

The songs that you sing—they are echoes of mine,  
    And your joys—I repeat them by name.  
I recall every one of your gossamer dreams  
    Before disillusionment came.  
I can hear in your voice that same challenge to life—  
    A banner emblazoning trust—  
That Youth holds uplifted; untarnished; untorn;  
    Till Age flings it down in the dust!

## *The Prodigal*

But the mirror is fair and the mirror is clean:  
I can look in your eyes without fear,  
And treasure your faith as a beautiful thing,  
Reflecting its radiance clear.  
To see my own handiwork wrought with the years—  
As alchemists metals refine;  
To live my life over—perfected in you,—  
Dear little daughter of mine!



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Alone?

In wilderness of lofty, virgin trees,  
That swayed to every gentle, prairie breeze  
Above his cabin home.

A lone, pathetic figure of the age,  
Poring o'er oft-read, crumpled page  
By feeble candle-light; by moonlit hour;  
Sowing the seeds of truth that grew to power!  
Alone—that awkward boy,—misunderstood?  
No, not alone,—for by his side, those early years,—  
His mother stood!

Alone?

Holding in trust his warring country's fate,  
While merciless rebuke and sullen hate  
Upon his head was spent.  
Burdened by cares unnumbered and unknown  
Sorrowed by losses touchingly his own;  
Grieved by the narrowness of minds so small  
They could not see the Brotherhood of All!  
Alone—that saddened man—that power for good?  
No, not alone,—for by his side, those darkest hours—  
His Maker stood!

## *The Prodigal*

Alone?

Within the tomb of everlasting sleep,  
Where lullabies of wind and river sweep  
Above his quiet rest,

While life goes on—resistless as the sea—  
Sweeping the years aside eternally!

Yet once we pause—and leave our tears—our mirth,  
To keep again with him—his day of birth!

Alone—that martyred dead, with folded hands?

No. not alone,—beside thee—millions strong—  
A Nation stands!



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Oh, sweet Virginia hills!  
A thousand wooded slopes and murm'ring rills.  
Wide sweep of river, bound with silvered girth,—  
    His land of birth!  
Do you not feel the thrill of ownership—  
Of pardonable pride—  
That such as he was born upon your soil,  
And on your bosom died?  
Virginia! Virginia! Thy son is with us yet.  
    Soldier! Patriot! Gentleman!  
    The world will not forget!

Oh, far, fair Eastern land!  
A thousand mem'ries lie within your hand.  
A Concord—under peaceful, smiling sun.  
    A Lexington!  
A Valley Forge—where hearts undaunted dreamed  
Of hard-won liberty.  
An ever-living monument to Faith,  
And sturdy loyalty!  
Far Eastern hills! Fair Eastern land! Thy son is with as yet.  
    Soldier! Patriot! Gentleman!  
    The world does not forget!

## *The Prodigal*

Oh, loved America!

Safe from the storms your infant years endured;

Girded with memories; rich in hallowed lore

Of peace and war!

Do you not feel the thrill of gratitude

To him of sterling worth,

When flag and hearts are raised in righteous pride

Upon his day of birth!

America! America! Thy son is with us yet.

Soldier! Patriot! Gentleman!

The world will not forget!

PRAYER.

Forgive us! Oh, unseen, mysterious Source,  
That swings the tides; that shapes the mountain tips!  
Forgive what is amiss in this brief prayer,  
That trembles off our unaccustomed lips.  
Forgive us for our arrogance; our pride;  
Our stubborn wills; our lack of self-control  
To hold in check the passions of our heart,  
Before the white, sure calmness of our soul.

Forgive us if we leave contented heights  
And stoop to greed and sordid money-lust,  
Trampling beneath our feet the gold of dreams  
In maddened craze to clutch the baser dust!  
Thus struggling, so intent on further gain,  
We fail our own allotted portion to enhance,  
And do not sense,—while gambling with our lot,  
That Character is destiny,—not Chance!

Forgive us that we turn aside from men  
Who have not always kept the standard pace,  
And shame us—that we look upon their rags,  
And not at kindred sorrows in their face!  
Forgive—that we still juggle words like “sin”  
And “virtue”—or dare call a woman “lost”—  
Who, through acceptance of a great, glad love,  
Had reckoned not the final, social cost.

## *The Prodigal*

Forgive us if we pass along in haste  
And take not time to draw our heaven near,  
Then, while we prate of future, brimstoned hell,  
We make a surer one about us here.  
Forgive our satisfied and narrow creeds  
That block the way where searching knowledge delves.  
Forgive us—that we set God on a throne,  
And recognize Him not within ourselves!

AUTUMN.

There is dust on the weeds  
By the side of the road,  
And leaves from the dying trees.  
There's a sad unrest in the autumn air,  
And a moan to the slightest breeze.

.....

Does the year at its close,  
When the chill wind blows,  
Feel the whisper of death  
In its failing breath?  
Who knows!

There's a hopeless fall  
To the steady rain,  
And gloom in the sodden skies.  
As if they pitied the tired old earth,  
So seered and dismantled it lies.

.....

Is the year, like a soul  
That has reached its goal,  
And dissatisfied,  
Has silently died?  
Who knows!

## *The Prodigal*

There's a gleam of gold  
On the ravished fields,  
And red in the harvest moon.  
There's a cheer of hearth, of heart, of home,  
That never is rivaled by June!

.....

Does the year, torn by pain,  
Strive to tell us in vain,  
With its last, sweet breath,  
That there is no death?  
Who knows!



THE PLANT ON THE WINDOW SILL.

A little brown pot with marks of the loam  
And a gay little plant above,  
While beyond are the lights and sounds of a home,  
And the sheltering sense of its love.

There may be deep sorrow, there may be grim pain  
Behind that staunch little flower,  
But it looks bravely out through the snows and the rain,  
To the ultimate sunlit hour.

It dares to challenge each threat'ning despair;  
It strengthens each faltering will;  
A sure panacea for every known care,—  
A plant on the window sill!

For a humble home roof does not limit Love's power,  
Nor simplicity lessen its scope,  
And the hearts that can treasure one gay little flower,—  
Dwell secure in the Gardens of Hope!

## *The Prodigal*

### AFTERGLOW.

You say Love came too late? Too late indeed  
To pluck the early violets 'neath the snow,  
Or see in mystic dawn the primrose glow  
On waking sky and sea. But take thou heed  
Of other beauties,—heather on the mead,  
Where late October's wealth bends branches low  
With golden fruit and crimson foliage-glow:  
An aftermath of Summer's spend and speed.  
A gentle peace now stills the passive earth:  
The fever of the noon is burned and spent.  
We watch the early twilight's soft descent  
Upon the pollened heads of fading flowers;  
Upon our throbbing hearts in this re-birth!  
You say it is too late for love like ours?

Love never came too late! The latent bliss  
Of Indian Summer glorifies its days!  
A deeper warmth is in the Autumn haze,—  
As if Life's year had found its joy remiss,  
And touched the sunset hour with passion's kiss!  
A redden sky—with long, reflected rays.  
The golden hours—going their spendthrift ways.  
And purple shadows o'er each dark abyss.  
What care,—if flagrant Youth is not beside;  
If cheek grows pale; if step is not so swift?  
Many a flower is hid beneath the drift.  
What matter,—if for this we two did wait—  
And waiting—meet our Winter side by side?  
If Love be deathless—can Love come too late!



SINGIN' IN THE DARK.

Crickets chirpin' in the walls,  
Bull-frogs in the brook,  
Big moon sailin' 'bove the trees  
With smilin' sleepy look.  
Candle-light is blown out,—  
Kinda spooky,—hark!  
Little boy a-goin' to bed,  
Singin' in the dark!

Goblins might come through the walls,  
Witches hide about,  
Spooky doin's,—that I'm sure,  
When the lights are out.  
But to keep your courage up,  
Makin' things a lark  
You just start in singin'—  
Singin' in the dark!

In the comin' grown-up years,  
When your childhood's gone,  
You can help keep hold o'things  
With a cheerful song.  
Don't you fear the ills that come,  
Grief and trouble stark,  
Just try bein' young again,—  
Singin' in the dark!

## *The Prodigal*

### JUST HOME.

It may be a cot by a dusty lane  
With a harvest moon on the ripened grain,  
Where the elm tree shadows the kitchen door  
And the crickets chirp in the old pine floor.  
    The lowing herd; the lagging hoof;  
    A spiral of smoke from a humble roof;  
    The creak of the pump;  
    The smell of the loam,—  
    But it's home—  
    Just home!

Or it may be a hut on a rock-bound shore,  
Where the waves break high with an ugly roar,  
And the clouds mass grey o'er the vessel's hull,—  
As grey as the wings of a shrieking gull.  
    But a cheery fire; the boom of the sea;  
    A chowder bowl and a 'dish' of tea;  
    The tang of salt;  
    The mists from the foam,—  
    But it's home—  
    Just home!

There are memories haunting each dear, dear place,  
As a portrait pictures a vanished face,  
And the humblest room holds joys unknown  
That live in the touch of the things we own.  
    The empty cradle; the vacant chair;  
    Are treasures we value beyond compare!  
    The roof we possess—  
    Be it thatch or dome—  
    Covers home—  
    Just home!

## *The Prodigal*

The long years follow and crowd us on.  
The "wanderlust" of our youth is gone.  
Life runs so swiftly, age comes so fast,—  
Let us take what is ours while the joy of it lasts!  
    A book by the fire; a pipe in hand,—  
    And a woman to love and understand.  
    The peace of Content;  
    No wish to roam;  
    For it's home—  
    Just home!

## *The Prodigal*

### VIEWPOINTS.

When I was young.....  
And used to see a quiet sister pass,  
A Nun,—  
Vested in sombre black; veiled heavily  
In musty, sable folds; unsmiling;  
Her eyes downcast, as though the ruthless sun  
Struck scorchingly upon her placid soul.....  
I used to pity her,—  
Though God knows why!

Now I am older.....  
And when those muffled, weary footsteps pass,  
The Nun,—  
I seem to see beneath her sombre garb  
A soul all white with ecstasy  
That only joy of service gives; supreme denial  
Of all those things which cloy, distract, or hinder.....  
I pause to envy her,—  
And would 'twere I!

When I was young.....  
And used to see a Scarlet Woman pass,  
Boldly,—  
Decked in her rainbow hues, flamboyant,  
With brave, red lips that smiled so steadily,  
I saw in her deep eyes only the brilliant flash,  
And to my ignorance, she seemed most fair.....  
I used to envy her,—  
Though God knows why!

## *The Prodigal*

Now I am older.....  
And when I pass her on the city street,  
The Woman,—  
I seem to see beneath that painted smile  
Stark hopelessness. I hear the futile sobbing  
Of her driven soul, knowing that it has lost  
Life's holiest treasures sacred to her womanhood.....  
I thank God hurriedly,—  
That 'tis not I!



## *The Prodigal*

### THE LAND OF MIGHT HAVE BEEN

There's a beautiful land of Might Have Been,  
Which lies by the river of Past,  
Where dwell the shadows of Other Days  
And the Dreams that cannot last.  
The violets grow beneath the grass  
And the heather over the fen,  
But the violets wither, the heath grows brown,  
In the land of Might Have Been.

We all have sailed to this distant land  
Down the long, swift river of Past,  
And we've taken our dreams and our longings there  
And built us a stronghold vast,  
Wherein we treasure each smile,—each sigh,—  
Each hope,—each kiss,—and then—  
We silently bar the heavy gates  
To the land of Might Have Been.

And silently still, though our eyes are wet  
And our hearts are numb with pain,  
We turn our steps in the paths of Fate  
Back to our lives again.  
Back to the land of That Which Is,  
Forgetting,—if we can.  
Oh, God,—could we only keep our thoughts  
From that land of Might Have Been!

CHARITY.

A beggar lay on the city street,  
With a crippled back, and a cup at his feet.  
"God's pity!"—he cries to the passerby,  
But he sees Life better than you or I!

.....

A woman, robed in furs of brown,  
From her limousine was stepping down,  
Her fair face hardened, her eyes dismayed,  
As she passed the beggar who needed aid.  
" 'Tis a careless city; an ill-kept street,  
That allows such vermin under my feet.  
Encouraging loafers; fostering crime;  
I'll speak to the mayor when I have time!"

But another woman beside her stood,  
Who had tasted evil and knew not good,  
From her draggled hat to her shabby feet  
She was label'd a woman from off the street.  
She gazed at the beggar with knowing look,  
Then out of her purse some pennies took.  
"My money is earned from the gutter too,  
But that doesn't matter to me—or you!"

.....

A beggar lay on the city street,  
With a crippled back, and a cup at his feet.  
"God's pity!"—he cries to the passerby,  
But he knows Life better than you or I!

## *The Prodigal*

### LITTLE ONE.

Sitting smiling in the sun,  
Little one.  
All your playtime just begun,  
Little one.  
Bees and birds and butterflies  
Dance before your baby eyes;  
What know you of tears or sighs,—  
Little one?

Clouds may veil that happy light,  
Little one.  
Day will deepen into night,  
Little one.  
Life won't be all play and fun,  
Soon your lessons will be done  
And your work in life begun,—  
Little one!

Oh, if I could lead you there,  
Little one!  
Guide your feet and point each snare,  
Little one.  
But alone you tread the road,  
Face the storm and lift the load,  
Gather what your hands have sowed,—  
Little one!



## *The Prodigal*

Keep your journey bright each mile,  
Little one.

Meet your trials with a smile,  
Little one.

So, when life is nearly done,  
Problems met and battles won,  
You'll be sitting in the sun,—  
Little one!

## *The Prodigal*

### THE LAND OF LOVERS.

There's a mystical land over yonder,  
Beyond the grey of the mist,  
Where dreams come true in their splendor,  
And lips of the lonely are kissed.  
There are shimmering, gossamer fancies  
Like meadows of asphodels,  
And the stars are the fair, white blossoms  
In that land where romance dwells.

There's a crescent moon over yonder,  
That we'll use as a wee, white boat,  
And I'll gather a cloud dipped in silver  
To cover your slim, young throat.  
The storms and the rains will not touch us,  
We will sail so far and so high,  
And the stars will bend o'er us gently  
To kiss us,—as we pass by!

Oh, a feast is spread over yonder,  
On a cloth that is woven of dew,  
And the chalice that holds the nectar  
Is the warm, red mouth of you!  
Your sigh is the attar of blossoms  
Distilled from the gardens of May;  
Your tears but the rain on their petals  
That the sun of my love dries away!

## *The Prodigal*

'Tis a wonderful land over yonder,  
That is hung twix the night and the dawn,  
And only true lovers may sail there  
In the bark by a moon-beam drawn.  
No world-weary eyes shall behold it,—  
As age sweeps us on down its stream,  
But Youth welcomes Youth at the harbor  
Of that land where Dream meets Dream!

## *The Prodigal*

### THIS TIME O'YEAR.

There's a rush of waters alive with glee,  
    This time o'year,  
And a strong, swift wind sweeping over the lea,  
    This time o'year,  
There are new, wee birds in the sparrow's nest,  
And a deeper red to the robin's breast,  
And a finer spume to the sea-wave's crest,

    This time o'year.  
There's a different lilt to the lark's sweet song,  
    This time o'year,  
There's a clearer edge to the shadows long,  
    This time o'year,  
A vague, sweet murmur and stir is abroad,  
'Tis the hour of creation in tree and sod,  
Some call it nature,—and some call it God,  
    This time o'year!

There are eyes that melt in a softened glow,  
    This time o'year,  
From hearts that awake after winter's snow,  
    This time o'year,  
The air is warm and the sun is higher,  
The right to love is the world's desire,  
And lover's lips are like velvet and fire,  
    This time o'year!

## *The Prodigal*

There's a sense of awe in the human breast,  
    This time o'year,  
A kinship with nature, half-expressed,  
    This time o'year,  
Winter is gone with it's bitter sting;  
Faith expands like a living thing,  
And Death's but a step to another Spring,—  
    This time o'year!

THE PATCH-WORK QUILT.

Bits of velvet and scraps of silk  
Grooped in Arabic style,  
Patiently cut and pieced and stitched,  
Through many a weary while.  
Some are as blue as the turquoise sky  
Or a placid, sapphire sea;  
Green as young leaves that trembling hang  
From gently swaying tree;  
Gold as ripe grain; brown as sear leaf  
In Autumn's splendor dressed;  
Red as the letter, branding shame,  
That blazed on Hester's breast.  
Violet, saffron, grey and mauve,  
Black as a raven's wing;  
Brodered in intricate handiwork,—  
A dazzlingly lovely thing!



## *The Prodigal*

Bits of adventure and scraps of joy,  
Pieced through the long, long years.  
Scraps of duty, of work, of play,  
Stitched with our smiles,—our tears.  
Green of envy—purple of pride—  
Monotonous brown and grey,  
Gold of our love—black of our sins—  
Red with brief passion's sway:  
Brodered with patience to hide each flaw,  
Each struggle, pain or defeat,—  
For we must have grey to balance the gold,  
As the bitter enhances the sweet.  
Bits of beauty,—or scraps of sin,  
Pieced on the human soul!  
God! Forget Thou the black—the red—  
And only adjudge the whole!

## *The Prodigal*

### I PLANTED ME A GARDEN.

I planted me a garden—  
    In the Spring,  
And in the warm, sweet earth  
Seeds sprang in flower-birth.  
Ah, Life was mirth, all mirth—  
    In the Spring!

I gathered from my garden  
    In my Youth.  
First early lilies white,  
Pure dreams of love and light.  
Ah, Life was bright, so bright—  
    In my Youth!

I cut me crimson roses  
    Later on,—  
Each one a heart-throb mad,  
Knowledge of all earth had.  
Ah, Life was glad, all glad—  
    Later on!

I pulled the quiet myrtle  
    After that,  
For sorrow came with years,  
Dead hopes dim faith and fears.  
Ah, Life was tears, all tears—  
    After that!



## *The Prodigal*

Dismantled lay my garden  
    In the fall,  
But when the tumults cease,  
I'll plant the brave heartsease,—  
For Life is peace, all peace—  
    In the fall!

TOGETHER.

We climbed the hill together,  
You and I.  
Love's roses were so fragrant in the dew,  
The sky above was too ablaze for blue,  
The nests of mating birds hung strong and new.  
You bravely gave your hand,  
Too young to understand  
Why others feared the climbing—  
T'ward the sky!

We climbed the hill together,  
You and I.  
The waving grain made music in the wind,  
And drowsy calves and awkward lambkins lay  
In sheltering shade aside their mother-kind.  
You gently touched my hand,  
And bade me understand  
What life perhaps would whisper—  
By and by!

We reached the top together,  
You and I,  
And oh, the view that stretched on every side!  
The sky above was fired with sunset glow,  
While shadows veiled the dangers passed below.  
We knew each path,—each scar,—  
We'd come so far—so far,  
Through morns and noons and evenings,—  
You and I!

## *The Prodigal*

We're going down the hill now,  
You and I,  
But oh, the soft'ning after-glow beyond!  
The road beneath our step is safe and sure  
To those whose love could serve and pain endure.  
Still on the path our feet,  
We'll reach the "Valley"—Sweet,  
Together—as we started—  
You and I!

## *The Prodigal*

### MY SHIP.

My life is like a ship: the wide, blue sea  
Is but the world,—so measureless and vast.  
The waves sometimes are high—they cover me,  
And oft I think my hope and peace are past.

I see the other boats astride the waves,  
Their sails are white, their cargo fresh and fair.  
Again I see the wrecks of sinful lives  
Adrift—against the black rocks of despair!

Sometimes the sea is blue and calm with peace,  
No storm-ways beat against my firm boat's side,  
And straight before me lies the Harbor safe,  
Toward which, all the many vessels ride.

But though our lives are happier in the calm,  
And sweet the day; and deep with peace the night,—  
We make but little headway t'ward the Port,  
From which streams forth the welcome, morning light.

For 'tis not calm and balmy seas of blue,  
That make our wilful ship of life sail fast  
And ride triumphant into sheltering Port,—  
'Tis God's own storms that drive us Home at last!

LOVE IS NOT BUILT OF GOSSAMER.

Love is not built of gossamer,  
Nor touched with rainbow dye.  
The "castles in the air" are myths,—  
We cannot build so high.  
No, love is built of brick on brick,  
So it may stand the test,  
The bricks are small and dull and plain,  
Unnoticed at their best.

There is a brick called courtesy,  
And one of patience too,  
And one of daily trivial tasks  
That each of us must do.  
There is the brick of sacrifice,  
Of service,—tried and long,  
Forbearance, pity, comfort, trust,  
When everything seems wrong.

The bricks of love are mortared down  
With smiles and pain and tears,  
Until they're strong and firm and straight,—  
A buttress 'gainst the years.  
Love is not built of gossamer,  
Nor in a summer's day,  
But by long years that dry our tears  
And chase the clouds away.

## *The Prodigal*

Ah, could I lay the bricks aright  
In true and earnest life,  
That the fair walls might ride the clouds  
Defying storm and strife,  
So when I finish earth's great task  
And other work begin,  
I'll find I've raised a tower of love—  
And built my soul within!



THE FICKLE LIGHT.

Low marsh, with a wild wind sweep  
And a moonless night above;  
A moonless night like a velvet robe  
On the shoulders of my love.  
But a fluttering light  
Through the fog-mists grey,  
Flickers ahead—afar—  
It may be only a Will-o-the-wisp,—  
Or it may be a shining Star!

Brave dreams of strong, sweet youth,  
Mid the sordid swamps of fear;  
Swamps that cling to each vision fair  
As vapors across the meer.  
But a ray of hope  
Through the mists of doubt,  
Flickers ahead—afar—  
It may be only a Will-o-the-wisp,—  
Or it may be a beck'ning Star!

A longing heart, through mute, sad hours,  
And a waiting into the years;  
A vigil that weights the wings of faith  
And dims the eyes with tears.  
But the wavering hope  
Of a deathless joy,  
Flickers ahead—afar—  
It may be only a Will-o-the-wisp,—  
Or it may be Love's radiant Star!



## *The Prodigal*

### SHIPS THAT NEVER COME.

If all my ships came sailing home,  
Came sailing home to me,  
I would not have one ship afloat  
Across the azure sea.  
The boundless sea,  
The open sea,  
No ships to come to me!

If all my dreams came surely true,  
Came surely true for me,  
I would not have one vision left  
For eager eyes to see.  
For eager eyes  
To idealize,  
No dreams remaining me!

If all my joys came crowding in,  
Came crowding in to me,  
I would not have one glad hour left,  
No place for smiles to be.  
No place in me  
For ecstasy.  
No room where joys might be!

If all the wealth and all the power  
Came showering down on me,  
I would not have one aim to press  
To prove ability.  
No foes to meet,  
No striving sweet  
To test the worth of me!

## *The Prodigal*

If all my ships came sailing in,  
Came sailing in to me,  
'Twould stifle effort, cool desire,  
And crush the faith in me.  
'Twould lull the gale  
That sets the sail  
Of ships across the sea!

No, let me rather longing be  
For ships that never come!  
For dreams that linger, hopes that wait,  
And work that's never done.  
Then shall it be,—  
The Soul of me  
Will press steadfastly on!

## *The Prodigal*

### SONGS AT EVENING.

There's a pine log red and glowing,  
And a rag-rug on the floor,  
With a host of shadows dancing  
On the panels of the door.  
There's an old harp in the corner  
With the fire-light on each string,  
And the melodies I love best, are  
The evening songs you sing.

Yes, the songs you sing at evening  
To the mellow chords you play,  
Fill the room with benediction  
At the closing of the day.  
There's a wistfulness and yearning  
That reveals the hidden tear,  
And I see in every melody  
My bride of yester-year!

Oh, the songs that throb so softly  
From your dear, familiar throat,  
Bring the mem'ries crowding round me  
At each quiver of a note.  
I can hear old-fashioned garments  
Rustle down the winding stair;  
See the light of candles sifting  
Crystal star-light on your hair.

## *The Prodigal*

When you sing of Annie Laurie  
It recalls a purpled moor,  
And the lilt of Southern folk-songs  
Takes me back to Swanee's shore,  
But your lullabies so tender  
Bring the quick tears to my eyes,  
For I see our children's faces  
Ere the crooning whisper dies.

Oh, the years have brought their smiling,  
And the years have sent their pain,—  
But your voice was ever with me  
Through the sunshine and the rain.  
Ever with me,—till that evening  
When the last grey shadows creep,  
May you still be singing—singing—  
When I close my eyes in sleep!

THE LONG ROAD.

It leads through banks of clover,  
It winds past fields of grain,  
Tis smiling in the sunshine  
And muddy in the rain,  
Tis weary to the foot-sore  
At the twilight of the day,—  
For the dawning of the morning  
Is just one night away!

The long road; the gay road,—  
Each joyous lover trips,  
When hand is fast in hand-clasp  
And lips are close to lips!  
They lightly laugh at parting,  
Each passing, sunlit day,—  
For the dawning of the morning  
Is just one night away!

But the long road; the hard road,—  
Winds up and down the hill,  
And the air that blows at evening,  
Can leave a sudden chill.  
Our Youth lies far behind us  
And we droop beside the way,—  
Forgetting that the morning  
Is just one night away!

## *The Prodigal*

The long road ; the strange road,—  
Ahead of aging years.  
We tread the narrow valley  
Through the vale of weary tears.  
But beyond the road of shadows,  
Will come the waking day,—  
    For the dawning of the morning  
    Is just one night away!



## *The Prodigal*

### GOODBYE.

Every country has its own  
Farewell cry.  
You and I—  
Simply say a-down the years  
Words that tremble through the tears,—  
“Dearest Heart  
Goodbye!”

Where the sun-kissed fields of France  
Lie in dew,  
Sky of blue;  
Dusky hair and witching way;  
Shrug of shoulder; parting gay,—  
“Au revoir—  
Adieu!”

In the hills of sunny Spain  
Ever thus,  
Dear to us.  
Castinet and tambourine;  
Lacy veils or satin sheen,—  
Cry to us—  
“Adios!”

On Italia's vine-clad shores  
Flowers blow;  
Rivers flow.  
Neath the olive branches' shade,  
Lover's parting serenade,—  
“A rivederci—  
Addio!”



## *The Prodigal*

In the northern German land  
    Homefolks reign,  
    Noble strain.  
Quiet, they—of sober mind,  
Speak their parting gracious, kind.  
    So—"Auf—  
    Wiedersehen!"

Every country has its own  
    Farewell cry;  
    Its "Goodbye"  
But our own more precious seems,—  
"God be with you" dear, it means.  
    With a sigh—  
    And—"Goodbye!"

## *The Prodigal*

### LACE.

The edge of fleecy clouds adrift in space.  
White foam from beating surf in storm's embrace.  
Patterns of dew, that dawn's fair fingers trace.  
A gossamer spider-web in some dim place.  
A baby's frock, where ribbons interlace.  
A bridal-veil, hanging with vestal grace.  
Fine wrinkles on some aging, kindly face.

THE DREAM BARGE.

Dark is the deck of the Dream Barge  
    For it only sails with the night,  
And along the shores and the shallows  
    Each star is a harbor light.  
No voices sound from the pilot  
    To guide the barque on its way,  
And the mem'ries circling the Dream Boat  
    Will vanish like mist with the day.

Swift is the flight of the Dream Barge  
    For her sails are spread to the skies,  
And we're borne through portals of slumber  
    To the country where love never dies.  
Dim faces peer from the shadows  
    And voices we've loved down the years,  
Till the river of Soul's Returning  
    Has become a river of tears.

Brief is the stay of the Dream Barge;  
    Fleeter than echoes could tell,  
And the pale hands that meet us in welcome  
    Soon wave back a parting farewell.  
But the dreams from that voyage we've gathered  
    Have driven our tears all away,  
And the tender caresses of Lost Ones  
    Have strengthened our hearts for the day!

## *The Prodigal*

### ON "MOTHER'S DAY".

She walks alone—  
On Mother's Day.  
No gifts past years of sacrifice repay:  
No words—no smiles—no childish kisses,—save  
The silent memories held within a grave!

She walks alone  
With head held high.  
She does not show her tears in passing by.  
Women endure,—no matter what their loss,—  
One Mother saw her Son upon a cross!

Is she alone  
In ways apart?  
Or do small voices speak unto her heart,  
While unseen hands upon her brow are laid  
To crown with blossoms that shall never fade?

Oh, you who pause  
On Mother's Day,  
To send your fragrant gifts to one away,  
Speak to this mother—to whom no one gives,  
Tell her,—there is no death! Her child still lives!

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

Grandfather's clock stands in the hall  
With a pendulum long and slim.  
Grandfather's hair was thin and white,—  
I can just remember him.  
But Grandfather's gone and the clock is here,  
And the pendulum swings through many a year—  
A day—a night!  
A night—a day!  
Ticking, ticking away!

My lover waits in the sunlit hall  
With the fire of love on his brow.  
My lover's hair is mahogany brown  
As the mellow old clock is now.  
But the years will pass and my lover will go,  
While the clock will be swinging its pendulum slow—  
A day—a night!  
A night—a day!  
Ever, ever away!

So I'll pledge him my troth in the same, old hall  
While the clock smiles down from above,  
For though it is old in the counts of time  
It is wise in the ways of love.  
This life is so brief for the love we bear,  
And the fleeter it is—the sweeter to share!  
A day—a night!  
A night—a day!  
Loving, loving away!



## *The Prodigal*

### ON THE TRAIL OF THE GYPSY MOON.

Oh, a Gypsy moon is rising,  
One by one the stars surprising  
As she rides along the highway of the skies,  
And she calls the timid lovers  
Down the road her silver covers;  
Down the open road where romance never dies.

Hark, the eerie night-birds calling,  
And the velvet shadows falling  
O'er the quiet of the garden's dim retreat,  
And I listen for your singing  
That has set my heart a-ringing,  
And the patter of your slim and dancing feet.

There are roses in my bower,  
But there's not a single flower  
That can rival quite the fragrance of your hair,  
For with long and clinging tresses  
That my trembling hand caresses,  
It has found and bound my heart within its snare.

Oh, the road of night and gladness  
Is a trail of silver madness  
With the Gypsy moon a-smiling on our bliss.  
Let us follow it with rapture,  
Every happiness to capture  
That is found within the promise of a kiss!

# Love's Epitome

A Cycle





IN BLOSSOM TIME.

I saw her first among the pink and white  
Of apple-blossoms,—falling at her feet  
From ghostly branches; and in that Spring light,  
She looked hereself a blossom, young and sweet!

And then from out the rosy, scented air,  
I heard the silvery music of her voice—  
Laughing as petals fell upon her hair.....  
And knew my heart at last had made its choice!

## *The Prodigal*

### REST.

("Deus haec otia fecit"—God hath made this a rest.)

Since first I met thee, life has been  
A melody with one refrain.  
Contentment, with thine arms about;  
Peace, that I could not live without;  
Dear one, 'tis only thus expressed—  
"God hath made this a rest".

To find, to love, to have, to hold,  
Life could not pay me brighter gold.  
This tenderness and truth which lies  
Within the love-light of thine eyes!  
I bow my head upon thy breast—  
"God hath made this a rest".

REQUIEM.

My love lies dead. The withered leaves  
Fall silently from dying trees  
    Upon her grave; her new-made bed.  
Yet not alone she sleepeth there,  
For hushed upon her breast so fair,  
    My heart lies dead!



## Nine “Pen Points”





DECORATION DAY.

They sleep.....

If, in their quiet graves beneath our flowers,  
They slumber deeply on, and count no weary hours,  
And rest—eternally secure—in love like ours,—

Then sleep!

You weep.....

But if tears flow from resignation,—not regret;  
If all war's bitterness and hate you can forget,  
And in the joy of love—still theirs—your eyes are wet,

Then weep!

## *The Prodigal*

### MY BABY.

Little specks of blue,—  
    Some folks call 'em eyes,—  
Mother knows they're simply  
    Pieces from the skies.

Little streaks of red,—  
    Some folks call 'em lips,—  
Mother knows the scraps fell off  
    Where the sunset dips.

Little wisps of gold,—  
    Some folks call it hair,—  
Mother knows a sunbeam  
    Caught and melted there.

A FANCY.

Pale moonlight glistening on the snow,  
Or shady banks where rivers flow;  
The early violet, dew-pearled;  
    The hum of bee;  
    The summer sea;—  
How God must love the world!

The clasp of hand in trouble's hour;  
The open petals of a flower;  
A baby's hair,—soft, downy, curled;  
    The shadows long;  
    A robin's song,—  
How God must love the world!

## *The Prodigal*

### SUFFICIENCY

My lips met yours,  
That day in June;  
And all the flowers in garden, field and vale  
Hung motionless and pale!  
For what exotic fragrance  
Could they offer at our feet—  
One half so sweet?

My lips met yours,  
That night in June;  
And all the stars—wee lanterns of the night—  
Hung cold and white!  
For what illuminated radiance  
Could they offer, far above,  
Like to our love?

GREATNESS

They say to suffer, brings greatest gain.  
They say the Great became thus great through pain.  
'Tis truth! A wondrous doctrine! But yet—wait—  
Remember ALL who suffer are not Great!



## *The Prodigal*

### THE POET'S WIFE

I loved him so—I let him go!  
He did not know my sacrifice,  
And did not need the love I prize—  
The wealth of heart I could bestow!

He smiled—and pitied e'en my woe,  
Then tried to comfort me the more,  
But chafed beneath the yoke he wore—  
And so—and so—I let him go!

INFINITUM

A glaring sun; a blinding rain;  
The reek of sin; the grip of pain;  
Regret, endurance, struggle, strife—  
And is this Life?

A purple sky; a silence deep;  
A last, long, restful, dreamless sleep;  
A smile of peace; one soft, tired breath—  
And is this Death?

If smiling peace is sorrow's end,  
And Life leads but to Death, my friend,  
Then Death—in conquering pain and strife—  
Must lead to Life!

## *The Prodigal*

### ENDURANCE

To suffer is the test of Birth,  
Of rank, of quality,  
Who bears in silence and alone,  
A "thoroughbred" is he!  
Endurance is the mark of kings,  
To silence they revert.  
He only is low-born indeed,  
Who needs cry out when hurt!

ONE NIGHT

A moonbeam stooped and kissed me,  
As I stood 'neath her silver rays,  
    But my heart was chill  
    And my soul was still  
In the flood-light of her gaze.

My lover stooped and kissed me,  
As I stood 'neath the April skies,  
    And my heart throbs spoke  
    For my soul awoke  
In the love-light of his eyes!



# Two Sonnets





TO MY FRIEND

I see you in the grasses on the lea,  
And hear you in the pulsing joyous note  
Of songbirds, in the plash of lilting boat  
Upon the bosom of some sapphire sea.  
I know your thoughts are often here with me  
In solitude; in those dim, quiet hours remote,  
When twilight wraps her shadows 'round my throat  
Like widow's veils—after the sunbeams flee!  
Ah, let me send my love to you this night,  
Breathing one note into the distant song,  
So it may comfort you when hours are long,  
Like softly whispered prayer upon your lip.  
And in your waking, find with morning light,  
The music of harmonious fellowship!

## *The Prodigal*

### A WATER LILY

Your love is like a lily—cool and pale,  
That wraps around its perfumed heart of gold  
Long, slender petals, each a velvet fold  
Of chill, celestial white; a modest veil.  
You drift beneath an over-hanging shale  
Where tangled brake and spongy mosses old  
Shield well your frailty from sudden cold.  
Are you—like chalice of the Holy Grail—  
Too pure to open heart to golden beam  
Of robber Sun, that shines above your pool?  
Can you not feel his warmth in waters cool  
As he rides by—your ardent devotee?  
Then, Love, be not a placid flower upon the stream,  
But lift your fragrant face and welcome me!

# A Dozen Little Poems



LITTLE GHOSTS

Petals.....

Lying carelessly strewn

From amorous roses long since set aside

By indifferent hands.

Letters.....

Torn into bits,

Resembling fluttering snow before the wind,

Dead scraps of paper.

Crumbs from the banquet table;

Dregs of wine in the cup;

Faint echoes of distant harmonies

Like the rapidly fading colors of sunset;

The memory of your kisses.....

Ah, little ghosts, little ghosts—

Returning to haunt me!



DEAD HANDS

Folded.....

Like slender lily leaves

Upon a breast now hushed, as the calm  
Of midnight world asleep.

Folded.....

Like old, worn envelopes

About the pages of oft-read letters  
Still held to a faithful heart.

Folded.....

Away from us!

We, who loved to kiss their perfumed softness;

We, who may only dare hope, that—

Somewhere, somehow, sometime,

They will thrill with Life again,

And in Eternity.....

Stretch out to welcome us!

MY LOVER AND MY FRIEND.

My Lover reveled in my smile—  
As roses in the sun,  
And stayed contented at my side  
While life was sweet and young.  
But when a shadow crossed my face,  
And pain and sorrow met,  
My lover turned and left me then—  
For lovers soon forget!

My Friend, whom I ne'er smiled upon,  
Nor welcomed in my heart,  
Had never left me, but kept watch—  
A little way apart.  
And when he saw my loneliness,  
He came and shared my pain,  
For lovers run at fleeting smiles—  
But friends, true friends, remain!

## *The Prodigal*

### MUSIC

Speech is for man alone. No other sphere  
Claims our own sounds—'tis earthly born.  
But music—language of the gods—  
Existed long before this young earth's morn!  
We know by our own souls that thrill and move  
With memory, at a single strain sublime  
That still goes forth—perchance to reach the  
    hearts  
Of others, living at some future time.

Art's triumphs are destroyed by age and war.  
A sculptured figure crumbles into clay,  
The literature of every nation's pride  
May fall in silence of unread decay.  
But music—highest of all noble arts—  
Will never die nor even cease to be.  
We know not whence it came, nor how,  
Nor where it ends in the eternity.

ATTAR OF LOVE

'Tis not the perfume of the rose,  
'Tis not the jewel's gleam,  
Nor ripples on the summer sea  
Where lovers sit and dream,  
'Tis not the springtime's bud and breeze,  
Nor autumn's flaming glow,  
'Tis not the chime of winter bells  
Across the glistening snow.

No, 'tis the silver of your voice,  
The sunlight on your hair,  
The ready smile, the happiness  
In little things we share,  
The still communion of our hearts,  
The rest long hours bestow,  
'Tis just the "peace of God on earth"—  
Dear heart, because I know!

THE POET'S REQUIEM

*To Deirdre*

We miss thy song!.....  
Yet, in a little while,  
(Life is so brief)  
We, too, shall journey on,  
And, reaching thee in spaces far,  
Shall read again  
The golden, limpid words  
From off thy pen.  
God could not let those hands  
Lie folded—stilled!  
So, we shall see the visions fair  
That thou hast always seen,  
The deeper knowledge,  
Beauty, rhythm, grace—  
The very soul of thee—  
Written indelibly with flaming pen,  
Across the parchments of eternity!

## *The Prodigal*

### I THANK THEE, LORD!

I thank Thee, Lord, for every pain  
I suffer here;  
I thank Thee that a smile may show  
Beneath the tear.  
From every fall—there's need to rise!  
In every grief—a lesson lies!

I thank Thee, Lord for every sin  
Half-overcome;  
I thank Thee, Lord, for every race  
But partly won.  
For every loss—shows me the Prize!  
And every Hell—PROVES Paradise!



## *The Prodigal*

### AND LET THE WORLD GO BY

They gave you to me—and the sun arose  
On the gleam of the morning dew.  
I kissed the bloom of your fair, soft cheek.  
And the lids of your eyes so blue.  
I asked no boon but a simple home;  
No joy save your smile or your sigh;  
Willing to dwell by your side, alone,  
And let the world go by!

They took you from me—and the sun went  
down  
And the skies were drear and bleak.  
I closed your eyes with a sobbing kiss,  
And left a tear on your cheek!  
But memory comes in the firelight glow,  
As I watch the embers die,  
And I'm willing to dwell in the past,  
with you—  
And let the world go by!



## *The Prodigal*

### INVOCATION

Help me to make this working day  
A little brighter, if I may,  
To lighten weary, irksome grind  
By trying to be kind.

By giving credit where it's due;  
Hushing reports that are not true,  
And leaving pettiness behind,  
That hinders being kind.

Let me not shrink from duties grim,  
Allowing interests to grow dim,  
Nor let me chafe at ties that bind,  
But oh,—let me be kind!

Let me not look for praise nor fame  
To advertise my humble name,  
But to all selfish aims be blind  
By just remaining kind.

Help me to meet life face to face;  
Each opportunity embrace,  
Enlarge my soul; expand my mind,  
And, oh!—Let me be kind!

## *The Prodigal*

### DINNA YE KEN?

'Tis time I gang to work, lass,  
I canna dream a'day.  
There's cuttin' down o'grain, lass,  
There's reapin' o'the hay.  
But through the live-lang hours, lass,  
Ye might think oft' of Ben,  
Who loves ye bonny well, lass,  
Darling—dinna ye ken?

'Tis time I gang to sleep, lass,  
I canna think a'night.  
The whippoorwill is callin' me  
To snuff my candle light.  
But soon will come the dawn, lass,  
I'll dream o' ye till then  
For I love ye bonny well, lass,  
Darling—dinna ye ken?

DEAD LEAVES.

They fall—so silently, so soft,  
It makes me think  
Of tender little ghosts who loth  
To cross the brink,  
Have sent their tiny messengers ahead,  
From out the vale of living to the dead.

They fall—so gracefully, so slow,  
I'm very sure  
That when my time has come to go,  
And change endure,  
I'll think of how the leaves, without a sound,  
Sank trustingly and gently to the ground.

They fall—so tenderly, so light,  
It makes me feel  
That all this fear of winter and of night  
Was never real,  
And though the leaves may die, the tree-still king  
Will, soul-like, live to see another spring.

## *The Prodigal*

### TRAGEDY.

To end the day,  
To go back home and never see  
You stand beside the open door  
Awaiting me.  
To find no loving hands that ministered  
In other days,  
To miss your gentle voice,  
Your tender ways.  
To go without  
That little, evening talk  
That quiet settlement of worries met  
And then—our star-lit walk.  
To never feel again  
That peace of heart and home,  
The proof of love, the rest  
I find upon your loving breast.  
To lose you!  
Miss you!  
Want you!  
This would be—  
Tragedy  
To me!



# Renunciation

## A Cycle

(Dedicated to Lucile)

1. The Meeting.
2. Forbidden Me!
3. At Parting.
4. The Journey.
5. Envoy.



THE MEETING.

Grey skies; grey sea;  
A waste of surf and sand.  
A few low branches, like ghostly arms,  
Reach down and touch my hand.  
Empty and bleak  
As a wan, pale cheek,  
The marsh lies before my eyes;  
And over-head,  
Like a soul terror-spied,  
One great-winged sea-gull flies.

Blue skies; blue sea;  
A stretch of shining sand.  
The soft green branches, like loving arms,  
Reach down and kiss my hand.  
Rosy with haze  
In the sunsets rays,  
The marsh lies before my eyes;  
And over-head,  
Like a soul love-spied,  
A gull to its mate swift' flies.

.....  
Is it the self-same scene I face?  
What miracle has taken place?  
Ah, Love, I thought you knew!  
I have met you!



## *The Prodigal*

### FORBIDDEN ME!

Then from the sky  
As thunderbolt of storm  
Strikes the green tree  
All budding in the morn,  
And fells it with an unexpected blow,—  
The knowledge came—that I must turn and go  
Out of your life,  
From things that are, I see,  
Forbidden me!

No dreams that I  
Have visioned in the night,  
Nor hours of day—  
When with mine eyes alight  
I faced the world with triumph in my pride—  
Can e'er bring back the glory that has died!  
Ah, love, to find  
The joys that were to be,—  
Forbidden me!

Long, long the years  
That I must brave and meet,  
Only a memory  
To ease the bittersweet,  
And see each year the loneliness and age—  
Creep,—on adown my own life's empty page  
Away from you!  
Our love that was to be,  
Forbidden me!

AT PARTING.

I love you more, because  
We parted as we did!  
Because, while looking in your eyes,  
I saw I had not left one cause for deep regret.  
Those eyes that I had learned  
To love—(ah, God, how much!)—  
Would still be able, with a pride and force,  
To meet the whole wide world as honestly and true  
As if we had not glanced  
Adown that path where roses bloom—  
But where one plucks—the rue!  
No path, my love, has room for more than two!  
So, though I kissed your lips,  
I understood I could not journey  
Down that road—with you!

I love you more, because  
We left no touch of sordidness  
To mar our souls:  
No words nor deeds that were not savored  
With respect and trust.  
The passion of our hearts  
Remained a flame, and did not burn  
Itself to ashes and to dust!  
I left that manhood I admire,  
A thing to keep forever in my mind  
As something fine and strong,  
And left with you the mem'ry of my love  
Unmarred,—a clear white fire!  
Renunciation is a finer thing  
Than satisfied desire!

## *The Prodigal*

And so, I love you more  
Because we parted as we did. And though  
My heart cries out for you,  
And eyes are wet with weary, futile tears  
That cannot ease the pain—nor will not ease,  
Until I look upon your face again—  
I still am proud, that I have clearly seen  
The strong, fine honor of your soul and mind!  
My lips have met on yours—  
That last brave time—  
They blessed me with their touch.  
The Flame is bright—serene—controlled—  
It lights me as I go,  
I take its memory to the end!—  
Is it not better so?

THE JOURNEY.

The narrow track winds on and on  
And the wheels turn round and round ;  
The trees fly by, the smoke drifts high,  
And the dust swirls over the ground.

My heart lies back  
On that narrow track,  
But the train still carries me on!

Life's journey runs down a narrow track  
And the wheels go round and round.  
Events fly past, each follows the last,  
Lost treasures lie thick o'er the ground.

My youth lies back  
Down that narrow track,  
And the train still carries me on!

I'll reach the end of this narrow track  
And I'll think my journey is done,  
But it's only a turn.....a bend of the road,  
And the train will go steadily on.

My life will lie back  
On that finished track,  
But my soul will go on and on!

## *The Prodigal*

### ENVOY.

So life must pass into the Great Beyond,  
Leaving the years a silent page.  
And I, too, must adventure forth  
Where spring and youth will never age.

Then, if I wake and find in that Dim Land  
No knowledge of this earthly plane,  
Oh, let me start anew—  
And meet you, love, unfettered; mine again!

But if I wake and in that Newer Life  
Remember what has gone before,  
(How love had passed me by)  
Oh, let me not awake—but sleep forevermore!











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